

The most Rare and excellent History, Of the Dutches of Suffolks Calamity.

To the Tune of, *Queen Dido,*



When God had taken for our sin,
that prudent Prince R. Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
his raging malice to beway:
All those that did Gods word profess,
He persecuted more or less.
Thus whilst the Lord on us did looke,
many in prison he did throw,
Confining them in Lollards Tower
whereby they might the truth forgo:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
Where burning in the fire, that Christ profess.
Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
and many places more beside,
At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,
at Wolster the good Hooper dy'd:
And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond Sea many fled away.
Amongst the rest that sought relief,
and for their faith in danger stood
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe,
King Henries daughter of Royal blood;
Which in the Tower did Prisoner lye,
Looking each day when she should dye.
The Dutches of Suffolk seeing this,
whose life likewise the Tyrant sought,
Who in the hopes of heavenly bliss,
within Gods words her comfort wrought:
For fear of Death was forc'd to flye,
And leave their house most secretly.
That for the love of God alone,
her Land and Goods she left behind;
Seeking still for that precious stone,
the word and truth so rare to find:
She with her Purse Husband and child,
In poor array their journey beguil'd.
Thus through London they passed along,
each one did take a severall street,
Thus all along escaping wrong,

at Billingsgate they all did meet,
Like people poor in Graves end Barge,
They simple went with all their charge.
And all along from Gravesend Town,
with Journeys short on foot they went,
Unto the Sea-coast came they down,
to pass the Seas was their intent.
And God provided so that day,
That they took Ship and sail'd away,
And with a prosperous gale of wind,
in Flanders they did safe arrive
This was to their great ease of mind,
and from their heavy heart much woe did dye;
And so with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.
Thus as they travel'd still disguis'd,
upon the highway suddenly,
By cruel thieves they were surpris'd
assailing their small company:
And all their treasures and their store,
They took away and beat them sore.
The Purse in midst of all their fight
laid down the Child upon the ground,
She ran away out of their sight,
and never after that was found,
Then did the Dutches make great moan,
With her good Husband all alone.
The thieves had there their Horses kill'd,
and all their money quite had took,
The pretty Baby almost spoil'd,
was by the Purse likewise forsook:
And they far from their friends did stand,
And succourless in a strange Land.
The Sky likewise began to scowl,
it hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort.
The way was long and wondrous foul,
then may I now full well report,
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.



Sometimes the Dutches bore the child,
 as wet as cher she could be,
 And when the Lady kind and mild,
 was weary, then the child bore he,
 And thus they one another eas'd,
 And with their fortunes well was pleas'd.
 And After many a weary step,
 all wet-shod both in dirt and mire.
 After much grief their hearts yet leaps,
 for labour both some rest requir'd,
 A Town before them they did see,
 But lodged there they could not be.
 From house to house then they did go,
 seeking that night where they might lye,
 But want of money was there woe,
 and still their babe with cold doth cry,
 With Cap and knee they courtesie make,
 But one of them would pittie take.
 Doe here a Princess of great blood,
 doth pray a Pea-sant for relief,
 With tears bedew'd as she stood,
 yet few or none regard her grief,
 Her speech they could not understand,
 But gave her money in her hand.
 When all in vain her speeches spent,
 and that they could no house-room get,
 Into a Church Porch then they went,
 to stand out of the rain and wet:
 Then said the Dutches to her dear,
 O that we had some fire here.
 Then did her Husband so provide,
 that fire and coals they got with speed,
 He sat down by the fire side,
 to dress her Daughter that had need:
 And whilst he dress'd it in her lap,
 her Husband made the infant pay.
 Anon the Serron thither came,
 and finding them there by the fire,
 The Drunken Knave all void of shame,
 to drive them out was his desire,
 And spurned out the noble Dame,
 her Husbands wrath he did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
 he wrong the Church-keys out of his hand
 And struck him so that all the blood,
 his head ran down as he did stand,
 Wherefore the Serron presently,
 for aid and help aloud did cry.
 Then came the Officers in haste,
 and took the Dutches and her child,
 And with her Husband thus they pass,
 like Lambs beset with Tygers wild:
 And to the Gubernor were brought,
 Who understood them not in ought.
 Then Master Bertue brave and bold,
 in Latine made agallant speech,
 Which all their masters did unfold,
 and their high soborn did beseech.
 With that a Doctor sitting by,
 Did know the Dutches presently.
 And thereupon arising straight,
 with words abashed at this sight,
 Unto them all that their did wait,
 he thus broke forth in words aright
 Behold within your sight, quoth he,
 A Princess of most high degree,
 With that the Gubernour and all the rest,
 were much amaz'd the same to hear,
 Who Welcomed this new-come Guest,
 with reverence great, and princely cheer,
 And afterwards convey'd they were,
 Unto their Friend Prince Casimere.
 A Son he had in Germany
 Peregrine Bertue call'd by name;
 Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
 of courage great and worthy fame:
 Her Daughter young that with her went,
 Was afterwards Countess of Kent.
 For when Queen Mary was deceast,
 the Dutches home return'd again,
 Who was of sorrow quite releast,
 by Queen Elizabeths happy Reign:
 Whose Godly Life and Pietie,
 We may prasse continually.

